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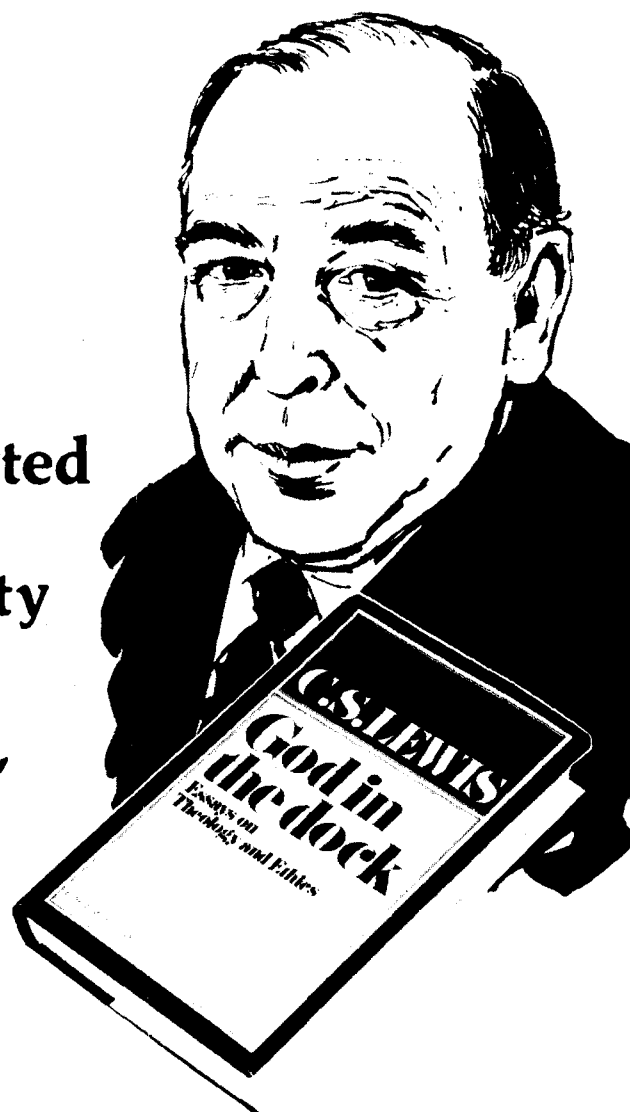
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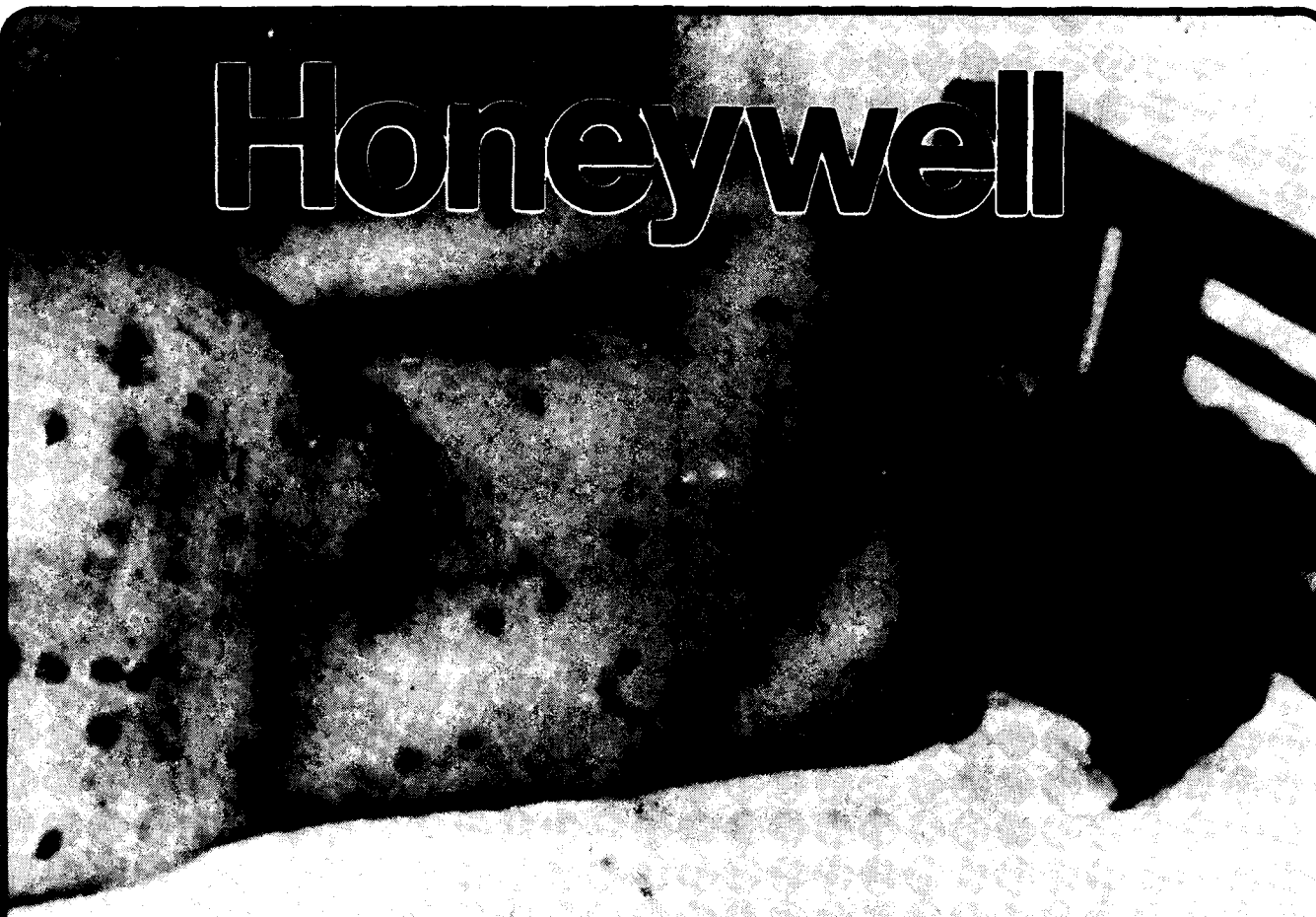
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Honeywell

Annual Report 1971

Reports about Honeywell in Indochina during the first and second halves of 1971 are identical:

Honeywell weapons dropped from American planes have helped to kill, injure, or refugee thousands of Indochinese civilians. There is no substantial difference in the volume in the first and second halves of the year. The outlook for 1972 is clearly, as far as we can ascertain, more of the same.

The Vietnamese woman pictured above was on the receiving end of an antipersonnel device.

Antipersonnel devices manufactured by Honeywell cannot destroy a home, fell a tree, or puncture a tire. They are designed primarily to penetrate human flesh.

A number of people in and around Minneapolis, home of Honeywell, Inc., have tried to persuade the company to cease and desist making these heinous weapons. Honeywell officials have not acceded to the requests. Since Honeywell won't assume its responsibility and stop making these weapons, we want you, as stockholders in America, to help us now

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NEWS & VIEWS

Sisterhoods in Trouble

There's much more to the stresses emanating from religious sisterhoods than the strain that the vanishing nun-teacher has put on Catholic schools.

That's the finding of Dr. Con J. Fecher of Dayton, an official of the Committee on Medical Care, National Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds.

He's compiled extensive data to show that the longevity of the average woman religious (four-to-five years greater than that of other American women) and the shifting composition of the nun-population (nuns 60 years and older now comprise 33.2 percent of sisterhoods) has confronted the church in the U.S. with unique and as yet unfaced socio-religious challenges.

He urges that hierarchy and laity concern themselves with these challenges, because the problems appear beyond the control of the sisters alone.

A first fact to be faced, Fecher writes in the current *Linacre Quarterly*, is that the decline in the nun-population in recent years has put many orders up against the convent wall financially.

He notes that it takes the income of two employed sisters to maintain a member

in college, and three to meet expenses of one disabled member in the hospital. As vocations drain away and sister-incomes (such as these incomes are) with them, the plight of the orders can go only from bad to desperate.

"The increasing proportion of elderly nuns and a shift in certain cultural values since Vatican II, have produced a relevance for geriatrics," says Fecher, "which emphasizes the importance of renewed research in the social science of gerontology."

A concomitant challenge, he adds, is "the psychological impact on the problems of security and retirement on both young and elderly members" of today's religious communities of women.

"The problem of future security of professed sisters and interested novices is much more weighty than shows on the surface," Fecher argues. "Insecurity has been a problem for all in civilian life and now confronts nuns because of the character of the economy and high standards of living. . . . There must be a continuous flow of sufficient incomes to provide services and goods essential to decent human existence."

One difficulty is that the mosaic of remuneration to sisters across the country is, in Fecher's words, "hit or miss." It's also misoriented. "Adequacy of income must be directed toward sisterhoods as a unit rather than to individual members."

The situation, he main-

tains, cries for some serious scientific research so that both the socio-religious and socio-economic problems buffeting sisterhoods can be attacked. Fecher suggests someone like CARA (the Washington-based Center for Applied Research in the Apostolate) for the job.

Then the hierarchy and the laity must pitch in.

"The socio-religious problems can be solved by a more harmonious communication by the hierarchy in recognizing the philosophy of today's sister as a person-oriented rather than the highly traditional institution-oriented one," Fecher comments. "Simultaneously, the socio-economic problem of 'adequate' income for medical care, housing, other varied economic demands, future retirement and care of the aged sisters must be solved by the Catholic laity in conjunction with the hierarchy."

Poland's Religious Press

Warsaw's French-language Journal *Le Chrétien dans le Monde* reports Poland's religious press to be in a considerably healthier state — at least so far as variety is concerned — than one would guess it to be.

According to *Chrétien*, there are 96 confessional or church-related periodicals being published in Poland.

The principal ones are *Slowo Powazeczne*, a daily with 80,000 circulation and a Sunday edition of 160,000 copies; nine weeklies, includ-

ing the Diocese of Katowice's *Gosc Niedzielny* with a circulation of 80,000; and 17 monthly reviews specializing in different areas of religious teaching (theology, liturgy, canon law, church history, etc.).

There are also 36 publications which are not for sale, mostly internal bulletins published by diocesan authorities for the use of their own clergy.

Of the 96 total, 74 are Catholic, 50 being published by ecclesiastical institutions and 24 by groups of Catholic laity. Confessional minorities publish the remaining 22 journals.

"Each religious community, no matter how small, has its own review," *Chrétien* states. "If the total circulation of the confessional press is relatively low, the range of these publications is broad and diversified enough to enable everyone to find what corresponds to his orientation and his interests."

Odds and Ends

— The *Catholic Virginian*, newspaper of the Richmond diocese, has come up with a novel scheme for cutting financial losses: it's dropping all commercial advertising. The paper figures to avoid the higher advertising-portion postage rates; escape the projected IRS tax on ad incomes of non-profit publications; and eliminate a business loss. ("In 1970, the *Catholic Virginian* grossed about \$27,000 from advertising, said officials. "But it cost \$25,000 just to service, compose, print and mail that advertising. The remaining \$2,000 and more was accounted for in salaries and office expenses for advertising.")

— Atlantic Richfield has announced that in the interest of the environment it is "phasing out" use of 1,000 billboards in 36 states. Nothing like polishing the image while proceeding about the environmental rape of Alaska in exploiting North Slope oil.

JOHN DEEDY



Vadillo, Siempre, (Mexico)

CORRESPONDENCE



Indochina-ization

To the Editors: Re your editorial, "Escalation in Vietnam" [Apr. 21]: Vietnamization has enlarged the war into all of Indochina. We must understand its three-sided configuration:

- 1) direct involvement of Cambodia and Laos in the war-making;
- 2) enlarged naval and Air Force capabilities so that many more bombs may be dropped all over the area;
- 3) finally, arming the South Vietnamese with our arsenal of weapons.

This is far removed from the simple concept of the South Vietnamese fighting their own struggle and our withdrawing.

There is only one Vietnam; the barrier between North and South is an artificial one, established by the Geneva Conference. Is it aggression for the Vietnamese to move back and forth across this line?

Our national plan of winding down the war has enlarged the scope of the war, set on foot again countless refugees, caused tremendous damage. Why?

(MOST REV.) CARROLL T. DOZIER
Bishop of Memphis

Women's Lib Shalom

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I am writing to correct the impression, created by your item "Women's Lib and Judaism," ["News & Views," Apr. 7] that members of *Ezrat Nashim* were not well-received at the Rabbinical Assembly convention in March. The *Post* article, on which your comment was apparently based, was written before the Convention, and, therefore, did not report what happened once we arrived.

In fact, although we were denied permission to speak as a formal part of

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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THE ITT SCANDAL

There is a real danger that the results of the inquiry by the Senate Judiciary Committee into the ITT affair will not be followed up due to lack of sustained public interest. Americans are traditionally cynical about politics, and both major parties have on various occasions given them plenty to be cynical about. Thus in this instance there was throughout the hearings a tendency to dismiss the inquiry as just another demonstration of the way politicians behave, and nothing to get excited about—an attitude strengthened by the efforts of Republican Senators like Hugh Scott to bury the investigation as fast as possible. Now the danger is that the whole thing will be quickly forgotten, with a consequent strengthening of public cynicism about the democratic political process. This outcome should not be permitted.

Despite evasion and obfuscation by Republican officials and company spokesmen, certain facts about the ITT case are plain, and they clearly suggest that this might well be the Nixon Administration's Teapot Dome case. By Jack Anderson's disclosure of a confidential memo written by Mrs. Dita Beard—her denial of authorship was contradicted by four witnesses under oath—and by independent testimony, it is crystal-clear that the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. offered a substantial sum through a subsidiary to help finance the G.O.P. convention. Whether that sum was \$100,000, \$200,000 or \$400,000 is not central. By a strange coincidence this arrangement coincided with a settlement of the antitrust action then pending against ITT, an action involving a \$1.5 billion merger, the largest in U.S. history, and Mrs. Beard's memo directly linked the two events. Richard McLaren, the Assistant Attorney General then in charge of antitrust affairs, was originally very confident of victory and strongly in favor of carrying the case to the Supreme Court. At that time he wrote a memo in which he argued, quite rightly, in our view: "[ITT's] history in the last decade makes it the most acquisitive corporation in the nation's history. Indeed, ITT is the archetypical example of the diversified corporation which has grown almost entirely by acquisition. It has swallowed some 101 companies in widely varying fields in the last 10 years." Then, a senior White House aide, Peter M. Flanigan, arranged for an economic analysis of the company to be prepared—an analysis which showed, not surprisingly, that the financial condition of ITT would be less good if it were forced to

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divest itself of its very profitable insurance company. Shortly after this White House intervention a consent decree was arrived at, on terms highly favorable to the conglomerate, and—although this may have been purely coincidental—Mr. McLaren was appointed to the federal bench. What produced this change of heart in official Washington? And where does Mr. Kleindienst figure in all this? The latter question, of course, is one of the most crucial points in the investigation, since the Senate hearings originally began as a consideration of Mr. Kleindienst's fitness to take John Mitchell's place as Attorney General. Mr. Kleindienst originally said he had nothing to do with the ITT settlement. Later, however, he told the Senate Committee that he did confer several times with an ITT director, and that he also set up and attended a meeting of other government officials and ITT personnel.

Former Attorney General Mitchell similarly insisted in the first instance that he had eliminated himself from consideration of the case because his old law firm had handled ITT affairs; later, however, it turned out that this disqualification had not prevented him from discussing official antitrust policies with Harold S. Geneen, president of ITT. Both said they did not discuss ITT's specific problems at this meeting; this claim in turn was contradicted by the testimony of Edward J. Gerrity, ITT vice-president. Mr. Mitchell, the man in charge of President Nixon's reelection campaign, testified that he never was told anything about the financial arrangements for the Republican convention. This statement in turn was contradicted by the Republican Lt. Governor of California and his assistant, both of whom swore that they had briefed Mitchell about the matter at length.

White House aide Peter Flanigan at first refused and finally consented to appear before the Senate Committee. Once there, he used the claim of executive privilege to refuse to answer the most basic questions about his dealings with Mr. Kleindienst and with ITT officials in this affair. Later, however, he confirmed by letter that Mr. Kleindienst had been informed about ITT's attitude in the case and had participated in a meeting in Mr. McLaren's office where the matter was discussed. Coming as it did after Mr. Kleindienst's original insistence that he was not involved in the ITT settlement, this again raises the gravest questions about his earlier testimony and about his entire role. Despite widespread predictions since Mr. Kleindienst's return appearance before the Judiciary Committee that his confirmation by the Senate as a whole is now almost certain, these questions were not really dissipated by the nominee's testimony on that occasion. As Senator Tunney of California said, "This Committee has witnessed more amnesia, more evasions, and more outright perjury than I thought humanly possible. . . . We have Kleindienst's testimony—filled with lapsed memory, minimized recollection and vastly understated involvements."

Add to the numerous contradictions and disquieting testimony the hasty shredding of company documents in ITT's Washington files after the Anderson disclosures ("There might be a lot of others in there like that," explained the head of the company's Washington office), and one does not have to be unduly suspicious to draw two major conclusions: 1) confirmation of Mr. Kleindienst's nomination as Attorney General should be postponed indefinitely; and 2) the investigation should not be allowed to die with the end of the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings but should be continued, perhaps by grand jury proceedings. There is about the whole ITT affair a smell of gross favoritism if not outright corruption, and the conglomerate skeletons should be rattled in their closets—even if some of the closets are in the White House.



United Labor Front In Italy

For many years the Italian political and economic establishment has been able to play a profitable game with a politically divided labor front. Two of the major unions were solidly linked to the government: the Italian Confederation of Workers' Syndicates (CISL) to the Christian Democratic party, the Italian Labor Union (UIL) to Social Democrats and Republicans. The third, and largest, is the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Italian Workers (CGIL), which in the first postwar years had been the only workers' organization. The split occurred after the 1948 elections, with their apocalyptic overtones of a final choice between freedom and slavery, Rome or Moscow. The balance of power which was then established ensured a long period of social peace which was mainly responsible for the "Italian Miracle" of the late fifties and early sixties.

No wonder there is considerable worry in high places, now that the unions have announced their decision to merge. Their formal dissolution will take place next September in separate conventions, and a congress in February, 1973, will inaugurate the new organization. This, at least, is the official timetable set by the union leaders; whether it will be maintained is not entirely certain as yet, but the push from below is strong enough to make any significant reversal of the process practically impossible.

The top merger reflects, in fact, the unity already existing at the base. It is the result of a long, often tedious and never easy process, but one of the important turning-points was certainly the "hot autumn" of 1969, when some six million workers fought to obtain,

not only higher wages and better working conditions, but also new forms of labor democracy and direct participation in the bargaining process. In the light of that experience the old divisions looked irrelevant and in clear contrast with the workers' interests. The Italian unions, unlike the French in 1968, were able to respond to the new challenge; they joined, and in many ways directed, the battle and after this impressive show of strength widened its scope to the general living conditions of the working class: housing, education, public health service, etc., which had lagged far behind the economic growth of the country. After a general strike for better housing on Nov. 19, 1969, they presented a vast program of urgently needed reforms to the government, thereby immensely increasing their political weight.

By leaving the area traditionally reserved to them (wages, employment, etc.) the unions have become an entirely unknown factor in Italian politics, and the natural reaction to anything unknown is one of fear and distrust. This may explain the sudden increase of neo-Fascist votes at the regional elections of last June; it also partly explains the willingness of the Christian Democrats to drop their coalition with the Socialists and to present for the general elections of May 7 a law and order platform, clearly intended to reassure the middle-class voter. Another part of the explanation is the fact that the left wing of that heterogeneous party has been seriously weakened by the departure of the CISL leaders, anxious to regain their political autonomy in view of the coming unity.

The UIL officials, too, have left the two parties they represented, but since their main ideological basis has been their anti-Communism, they continue to view the prospect of merging with the CGIL with little enthusiasm. This is the more understandable, since the CGIL leaders are the only ones who have not yet severed their links with the party. CGIL secretary Luciano Lama is still a member of the Central Committee and several other officials are candidates for the Communist party at the coming elections. No doubt they will respect the previous agreement and at the time of the merger leave either the party or the union, but in the meantime they show far less disaffection for their political origin than the other unions.

Many fear that the Communists will be the only ones to gain by the union merger. They point to the experience of the postwar years, when the only existing union was immediately taken over and monopolized by the Communists. They forget, however, that 25 years of democratic experience have taught a lesson or two to the non-Communist workers. In 1944 the Communists were the only ones who had gone through the hard training of clandestine organization during the Fascist period, who were politically prepared for the new situation, who had a clear idea of future goals. The new

generation of workers is infinitely more mature than the postwar one; and if their experience and debates have led them, on the whole, to accept a marxist analysis of the Italian situation, they do not look to the East for a new model of society, nor do they recognize the right of the Communist party to represent the whole Italian working class and to direct its actions.

Like the political New Left, they are extremely critical of the Communists whom they accuse of having subordinated the interests of the working-class to a political power game. This is why the other two unions are as firm in their demand for political autonomy of the CGIL as they were in their decision to leave their own parties. The united labor movement must be, in their eyes, an entirely new organization, unencumbered by political links of the past and different from each of the three existing organizations (hence the dissolution of the unions previous to the unity congress).

The Italian bishops are plainly worried by these developments, and in a recent message to the CISL they have warned the union not to give up its separate identity. Since the end of the war the episcopate has insisted on the necessity for Catholics to stay united in their own organizations. One political party, representing all social classes, and one labor union, both guided by the hierarchy, would carry out the social program of the church. Catholics did not have to look to others for models of action, for in the teaching of popes and bishops they would find all the answers to the country's problems.

Political reality has not borne out these provisions. The Christian Democratic party, precisely because it represented too many contrasting interests, has not been able to carry out a coherent program of social and political reform. The Catholic workers seriously doubt the validity of the church's social message in practical politics and are now looking elsewhere for a solution to their problems. Their decision may well be the final blow to the "unity of Catholics."

Yet the Episcopal Conference has invited Italian Catholics (as on all previous occasions) to stay united at the coming elections (i. e., to vote for the *Democrazia Cristiana*). The document issued on it contains a profoundly pessimistic picture of the present situation in Italy, which would rather seem to call for a change, but which turns out to be only a different way of reaching the same conclusion as always. Only one argument has not changed; it is present here, as it has been in all documents of the same kind: it is the needs of the "humble classes." It also shows most clearly how much the bishops have lost touch with the reality of the country: for the classes they refer to have lost their humility and are no longer willing to be patronized, whether by bishops or by governments.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(*Henry ten Kortenaar is Commonweal's correspondent in Rome.*)

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THE END of the world is coming. That, more or less, is the message of several recent reports on the future of the environment, delivered not by the stereotypical figure carrying a sandwich board but by well-endorsed groups of scientists juggling figures and brandishing graphs. The point of these reports is slightly different from that of your streetcorner prophet. Repent, says he, *because* the end is nigh. Repent, say they, *or* the end will be nigh. Still, the question arises, should we treat these trumpeted warnings with the same good-natured skepticism we display toward the man with the sandwich board?

There have always been reasons for waxing dubious about the environmental issue. At times it has smacked of a fad for eco-heads, at times a motherhood-and-apple-pie issue for politicians who deserve to be recycled, at times a distraction from the harder fights for peace and justice, at times a luxury for the affluent who could indulge in wilderness camping and afford higher prices. Besides, the ecology movement was somewhat polluted by a nostalgia for a lost rural world and by a number of simplisms about the "natural."

The new reports, too, should be examined with a carefully squinted eye. The most publicized, *The Limits of Growth* study sponsored by the Club of Rome, is riddled with questionable assumptions and procedures. But more important: the document can not even be adequately evaluated since the conclusions have been released, amidst considerable hoopla, while the technical details on which they are based remain unpublished.

So perhaps we can reasonably relax and point out that Malthus was wrong anyway? To which the objects of our skepticism would reply: "Malthus was not wrong; he was merely premature, ahead of his time in fact. Sooner or later some Malthus is going to be right. Perhaps even ourselves."

And of course that is true. If the critics of the environmental doomsdayers suggest factors which have been ignored in the various calcula-

THE END OF THE WORLD?

PETER STEINFELS

tions of disaster, the doomsdayers merely have to adjust the time span for the Last Judgment a little. Extended indefinitely, currently expanding rates of population and consumption, will finally collide disastrously against the fixed amount of the earth's resources. That is axiomatic.

But the argument does not end there, either. The critics would maintain that precisely insofar as the recent statements are axiomatic, they are uninteresting and unhelpful. What counts, say the critics, is not the obvious fact of some final reckoning if present trends continue but what happens between here and there: the details, that is, about how much time we have and where the crunch will come first. Accuracy in such calculations, they would say, is crucial for guiding our choice of ecological strategies. Exaggerations, except perhaps for initial publicity value, can only be misleading.

On this point, by and large, I agree with the critics. But they are possibly concentrating too narrowly and even too logically upon the specifics of the environment debate. Maybe they underestimate the impact on our more general ideas of what to them appears obvious and axiomatic.

It is an axiom, for instance, that all men must die. And yet it is an axiom which to an astonishing degree we manage to ignore. Similarly, to be reminded of the fact, however axiomatic, that the earth's resources are limited may have considerable repercussions. In particular, an ever in-

creasing number of people are now realizing that it would be environmentally impossible for the whole world's population to consume resources at the rate done today in the U.S.

What does that imply about our system? Have we not justified our disproportionate enjoyment of the world's goods on the grounds that it was only temporary, a matter of lead time, and sooner or later the rest of the world would catch up—if not to where we will be *then*, at least to where we are *now*? What, however, if this disproportion were seen to be permanent? What if this lead time were seen as a segment of time which is running out? What if this outsize consumption of resources were seen in terms of a fixed stock: once we have taken our bigger than fair share, it is gone for good? How have we been chosen to enjoy a portion of the world's resources of which our very use—quite apart from any exploitation in obtaining them—bars forever their use by the rest of humanity?

The obvious result is to undermine the moral legitimacy of our system. (Not just the U.S.'s, of course, but all the industrialized nations'.) Which is why, I feel, some of the environmental storm-warnings have been met with a ferocity which went beyond correcting technical errors.

This seeping awareness of the moral precariousness of our affluence carries dangers of its own, however. Public consciousness can take either of two routes. One would be to revive some form of social Darwinism, a justification for our privileged survival on the grounds that we must somehow be the fittest. Whether or not such a philosophy were expressed as overtly as it was in the 19th century, it would be manifested by a complex of tough-minded, no-nonsense attitudes: the onus for being poor would be rested upon the shoulders of the poor, and the responsibility of the rich would be not to waste precious resources on the weak. One can even foresee a stage stoicism admonishing us to bear up

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YES, VIRGINIA, THE NOVEL IS NOT DEAD

JOHN HEIDENRY



Have we entered upon the millennium of non-fiction?

The question can be prompted by any number of occasions: in the cocktail twilight prior to the presentation of a literary award, at the news of the collapse of yet another well-known publishing house, during a troubled panegyric on some lately deceased "giant" in the world of letters. Is the novel dead? Has it outlived its usefulness? Have we entered at last upon the millennium of non-fiction?

Recently, in fact, the question was asked again on the front page of the *New York Times* (April 10, 1972). A group of publishers were invited to participate in a roundtable discussion on the various problems and opportunities in the book industry following several years of sharp economic decline. The consensus was that publishing shall redux. The executives were in the main "cautiously optimistic"; there were some differences of opinion, but the only one of any significance was "on general literary quality, especially in fiction."

According to the reporter, William Jovanovich of Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, "took issue with the argument that publishers should be committed to fiction, comparing it to attempts in the 19th century to keep alive narrative poetry or the literary epic. Styles that have outlived their usefulness should not be sustained for the sake of tradition, he said, suggesting that the novel may be one such style.

" 'I, as a student of 19th-century literature,' he [Mr. Jovanovich] pursued, 'have great affection and attachment to the novel, but I'm perfectly prepared to face the fact that I may be one of the people presiding over its demise.' "

JOHN HEIDENRY has recently completed a satirical novel on the Catholic church.

On the other hand, just a few days earlier in the same newspaper, Russian poet Evgeny Yevtushenko was more sanguine on the subject. Interviewed on the day before his final reading at Carnegie Hall, the last stop of his most recent American tour, Yevtushenko considered world literature to be in good shape and used a sports metaphor to make his point: the Russians, he said, had the "poetry team," presumably himself at center forward, with Andrei Vosnesensky and Josef Brodsky at left and right inside positions. All playing hard, no doubt, for the "Gipp": Vladimir Mayakovsky. The Americans, however, clearly had the "novelist team": John Updike, Norman Mailer, and William Styron. You may wonder how William Styron got into that list. Well, Mr. Styron was Mr. Yevtushenko's host; and Mrs. Styron was that day, during the interview, out in the kitchen helping to make a salad for lunch. But the "Pélé" of world literature, said Yevtushenko, alluding to the star Brazilian soccer player, was the Colombian novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez. I agree with him there. *A Hundred Years of Solitude* is certainly one of the greatest feats of imagination in the last hundred years. Even more wonderful in some ways is the fact that Garcia Marquez has chosen to write in an art form that is either done with or not getting much attention at the gate; writing, as it were, in overtime, during sudden death; more spectacularly still, booting a goal into the net and getting points when the game had already changed to football; hitting a home run during a hockey match; a revolutionary at some loftier barricade than could ever Mr. Jovanovich preside over.

But the death of the novel has, of course, been postulated by other than publishers. Reviewers do it all the time. So do teachers of Modern Lit. So did the Sage of

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Concord: "These novels will give way, by and by, to diaries or autobiographies—captivating books," said Emerson, "if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls his experiences that which is really his experience, and how to record truth truly." The epigraph is carried in the front of *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller, now one of the second-string coaches on the American team but best known, even in his heyday, for his exciting locker-room confessions. The idea, however, taken from Emerson, seems to be a bold one: man over art, reality of self over fictitious others, life against artifice. Emerson had, after all, justly praised Whitman for just that feat:

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

To return to the *New York Times* for the last time (I swear). It is, after all, the only thing outside the cartoons in *The New Yorker* that I read besides books. The idea of autobiography contra fiction became quite fashionable a number of years ago, upon the publication of some first-rate, as well as very third-rate, memoirs by so-called "new journalists" and other talented writers who seemed exasperated by the constrictions of the novel and desired to tell their story in more straightforward terms. Perhaps by now there have been more than two dozen such writers who, in the first strength of their maturity, have written such memoirs: Frank Conroy, Willie Morris, Norman Podhoretz are examples. In the midst of all this, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, who I hope never writes a memoir, declaimed in his daily book review that henceforth any novel that he should put under scrutiny must have something of the author's soul a little more visibly bared. Novels were getting to be too exasperating. You never knew what the author really thought. The novelist was always hiding behind his characters, inventing dialogues in which he had no personal involvement. Readers were being exploited. Purveyors of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination: beware.

Of course, the novel is an arbitrary form of art, and it can be improved upon, evolve, disappear. The question, however, is whether it has died, is going to, or presently is. Clearly, as literature ceaselessly regenerates itself, some art forms fall by the side, or are temporarily displaced: the narrative epic, the sonnet, the romaunt. In the novel itself there are sub-species that no longer survive or are out-of-fashion. The genealogical chronicle, so neatly done in the 19th century by English, French and Russian serialists, has become increasingly a burden and required the Teutonic patience of Thomas Mann to bring it into the twentieth. (John Galsworthy was not an artist, merely a journeyman writer with good breeding; Sigrid Undset lived even further north. The genre has, of course, been mischievously resurrected, in some eso-

teric revenge on Tolstoy, by Vladimir Nabokov in *Ada*, but that is another story.) In the 1920's and 1930's, two very popular forms were the satire and the novel of manners. Marcel Proust's was basically polite conversation in the parlor, where a mere turn of phrase, an aristocratic nuance, meant little to the ordinary man, but to the genteel implied, literally, volumes. Evelyn Waugh and Nathanael West are imitated by very timid successors indeed. Who today could ever write like Ronald Firbank? Styles too come and go: the existential novel, neo-realism, the romance. But the question is not about all of this, but whether, friends and Romans, the novel is dead.

Yes, Virginia, the novel is not dead. But there are bad people who want it to die, or who don't know any better, or who are, if you will excuse me some adjectival vituperation, too stupid to recognize the great vitality in the art form that is on all sides of them. I shall now like briefly to recapitulate what has gone before, and then proceed with the rest of the argument.

1. Not just the novel but the short story have recently been taken to account as to their continued viability as art forms. Partly the consternation is understandable; mostly there is just cultural myopia. Art like any other living thing must constantly evolve, change, adapt, rebel; its hallmark is to be different or original at least in the sense that human consciousness is perceptibly heightened or altered by its contemplation or "use." Art does not generally contain ideas. It does not much, or for very long, have a social or utilitarian function; and if it does, that is usually, as they say in the sciences, a secondary characteristic. Art is conducted, in the making and appreciation, on the aesthetic level: it is something for the sensibility only. This sensibility is something fragile; speed readers will certainly never know what it is. But even so, it is made on the anvil, in the fire of imagination. The great experimentalization in recent years, both in the novel and the short story, has therefore left a number of pedestrians non-plussed. This is not an elitist view. The man who likes short stories by Anton Chekhov has a great deal in his favor; if on some kind of principle he condemns such later refractors of the craft as Jorge Luis Borges and Donald Barthelme, then he is a reactionary in the republic of art. It is not that one is obliged every time or necessarily at any time to like what is new; but he should always await it, expect and demand it, and herald it if, true and authentic, it comes. In the long, usually unsuccessful process of newness aborning the people in the bleachers often get tired of waiting. So they listen to the announcer when he says that the game is over. Just when Garcia Marquez comes up to home plate and throws a sideline pass to his receiver in the end zone.

2. Competition, or you might say distraction, is sometimes a problem for those stalwarts in the bleachers. It is sometimes even a problem for those players on the

bench who are having trouble with their batting average. "Talent" is always to be found elsewhere by those among the scouts: in the making of movies, for example. "Young people" and other mass audiences supposedly direct their interests elsewhere, and therefore, as though by some law of supply and demand, potential novelists become actualized as directors of film. You can believe this kind of baloney if you want. But art offers only one kind of opportunity. It is deep inside the artist and it takes a lifetime to drag it up, nourish it, craft it, hang on to it, and he cannot just press some kind of inmost button and decide to change his batting stance just like that. Perhaps some artists are multiple in their talents, but most are not. If there are no good novels around, and a few good movies, chalk it up to chance.

The same goes for non-fiction novels. Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* is one of the most exciting books I have ever read. Perhaps it is uniquely the only non-fiction novel around; if not, it is some kind of artful anomaly that deserves its place by its sheer brilliance anyway. But journalists as such are a different breed. A journalist like Gerold Frank can offer first-class journalism, Tom Wolfe can come up with the most scintillating prose seeming to investigate the surreality of consciousness in a new way, but all this is something else from art. Journalism is *rooted* in fact, fiction in imagination. If somebody comes up with a hybrid, if journalism now and then bursts into art, as it can do, or fiction dwindles into reportage, as it often does, then shoot it if it moves, in the latter case; and ride it for all it's worth in the former. The inherent problems of composition, or if you will, "creation," will keep the two apart in the long run. There is a difference of temperament. If a journalist eventually finds himself writing up a story as though his life (not his livelihood) depended on it, then he may well be out on some other sea than factdom, and it will take more than a mere compass before he finally gets his bearing. (The possibility is overstated: a lot of doctors have abandoned their vocation in order to become writers; a case of the wrong diagnosis to begin with; but not too many first-rate novelists have ever risen out of the ranks of journalism.)

3. This fragile thing, art, must undergo the worst sorts of hazard. In totalitarian countries it is officially condemned, censored, or hunted down. There are the two varieties of totalitarianism: political and religious. Or else novels are brought into classrooms and studied in courses. Here I have an anti-academic bias, and this is properly another subject matter. In America the main obstacle, curse, bogeyman, is the publisher and his middlemen to the public. The merchandizing and promoting of books through book clubs, advertisements, paperbacking, special discounts, remaindering has made it next to impossible for the novelist to survive unless, as luck would have it (viz., the way he is made up, his temperament, how he does things), the books that he writes are primary items

for mass consumption. A number of publishers continue in their support of quality fiction, but the ranks grow thinner with each annual balance sheet; so that publishers such as Mr. Jovanovich, having fewer bestselling quality novels around, and overlooking entirely the scores of first-rate work that simply cannot pay its own way, or only barely, announce that the novel is dead; and why doesn't everybody buy non-fiction, since that is what the publisher is pushing anyway. I do not impute this kind of crass logic directly to Mr. Jovanovich, but on the other hand there is a certain amount of polemic to be engaged in between writer and publisher; and in my opinion, as a writer, I suggest that perhaps bigtime commercial publishing is dying, and that new ways will have to be found for the artist and his audience to communicate with one another. This too is another subject matter, but certainly there is enough empiric evidence to suggest that such a demise of publishing is not without



its basis in fact, and that the true alienation of the artist is not with his society as such, but with his exploiters: publishers, agents, editors, movie producers, book reviewers, advertisers, and all the other scavengers of the literary marketplace.

4. Fiction is an avocation, almost a therapy, for millions of people who are not artists, but Presidential press secretaries, movie directors, explorers, scientists, professors, and so on. Most of these novels are the abomination of desolation. Frequently it is on the non-existence of merit in such novels that the death of the novel is predicated; although in reverse the novelist might have ground for supposing that there is something very dead inside all those millions of people who read such novelistic junk in between their weekly information inputs from *Time* magazine and *TV Guide*.

5. I should get back to schools, and related sarcophagi of culture. Novels are now used as textbooks. They are the meat for doctoral grinders, sociologists allude to them in footnotes, and for all I know, novelists have been examined by behaviorists in the laboratory at first hand. Perhaps this institutionalization of the sensibility works for some people, but I doubt it. Only a professor among all intelligent people would not recognize and respect the anarchical element of all art. You can tame art, but then you kill it. Recently I wandered into a university where a seminar of graduate students in

religion was being held, and the course books were Albert Camus' *The Stranger* and J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. The subject was "The Alienation of Modern Man." People who teach such courses might very well think that the novel is dead because if the latest good novel isn't about alienation, then they might have to revise their class notes and in fact way of thinking. However, the search for social relevance without discrimination among all novels of merit (the gist of my charge against university professors who teach the novel) has not been confined only to the academic ranks. It is not uncommon for a novelist to think that he is or ought to be the spokesman for his age. When this becomes his primary ambition, then it is probably because he has run out of gas. Surely there is one errant doctoral dissertation to support this thesis. So when people find that there are no spokesmen around, that they don't live in any special "age," then they begin to think that the novel is dead. For those readers and university professors who are chronically worried about this lack of literary spokesmanship, I suggest that publishers get together and offer a counseling service via the telephone: Dial-a-Publisher. You will surely learn then which novelist is important, which will console you, as you sit at your desk, and underline his words, and put exclamation marks in the margin.

6. There are different kinds of novels: detective, science-fiction, gothic, romance, and so on. Publishers refer to their non-selling quality fiction as "serious literature." A number of writers of serious literature also write detective fiction, usually under a pseudonym; and are resigned only to a reputation so far as the rest of their oeuvre is concerned. When two talented writers such as Muriel Spark and Anthony Burgess spend their time writing not-very-good thrillers, and other novelists turn to playwrighting, or to journalism, or law, the university, medicine, or whatever, and in general seem to be imitating in reverse those people who are trying to imitate them, then it is usually occasion again for everyone to talk about the death of the novel, because all the novelists have a "new thing."

7. A planet that can boast Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Vladimir Nabokov, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Graham Greene, Sam Beckett, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, among other great living writers of fiction, is in good shape. In America alone the headcount of alive-and-well novelists would include John Updike, Saul Bellow, J. F. Powers, Walker Percy, Shirley Ann Grau, Eudora Welty, to choose only a few who are possessed not only of a national reputation but a considerable talent. These people are committed to the novel as an art form and write in it almost exclusively, or in conjunction with the short story. There are scores of others the mention of whom would only serve to define my literary tastes. However, withal it is not an overpowering crew. There is always the supposition that for art to be truly thriving, the soil

must have a Renaissance or Elizabethan richness; that novelists write, drink, and wench better when there is camaraderie, an Age in capital letters in the offing, an immense question which all of them, in unison, will answer resoundingly and for all time. I do not wish to underestimate the titanic power of art when in its various forces it comes together in a kind of cumulative genius so that it marks a generation of men for the rest of history. That sometimes happens, and it will happen again, but so far as I can see, it is not happening now. Maybe it is beginning to happen in Latin America. But art is full of hope, anger, steadfastness, energy; if in the United States it is not at full boil, it is certainly not lukewarm. But because we do not live in a great age of literature, people say that the novel is dead. There you have it. Sometimes these same people, with the best of addled intentions, try to make the literary generation seem greater than it is; try, as it were, to fatten the ranks of the Light Brigade by taking from the infantry. Writers like William Styron, John Hawkes, Bernard Malamud, John Hersey are commonplace writers. Philip Roth and Norman Mailer are once-extraordinary talents who are now little more than literary neo-vaudevillians. I should like to go on and on, as there are more writers I do not like than I like. The point is, however, that in the relay syndrome of publisher to book reviewer to university professor, too many writers have been indiscriminately accepted as being on a par with other writers whose equals they certainly are not. So that when people tell themselves, and others, that the novel is dead, they do not really want to believe what they are saying, for one reason of sinecure or another, and hasten therefore to fill up the list with a bunch of no-names and second-rate talents. Is this a preposterous notion? Perhaps it is, and merely a scandal upon a cadre of professional men, not writers of fiction, who nevertheless are dedicated to its prosperity, and are perfectly well able to distinguish good from bad, know when not to be taken in by a publishers' advance notice or the usual hack reviews in the newspapers and magazines, and have after all the right to challenge the opinions here laid out and to present their own instead. Certainly for the most part I have been speaking only in generalizations. The specific last point I should like to make, in fact, is that the entire question whether the novel is dead does not usually arise first among any novelists of note, or secondarily among those attendant on the novel with that intelligence and discrimination which belong only to a few, unless it were to refute the notion as convincingly as possible. The only proof of the existence of *the* novel is the existence of *a* novel, or rather, novels, one after the other, in and out of publishers' seasons, despite trends, forecasts, and post-mortems. The novel, moreover, has not been displaced significantly by any other form of literary art, including *Wunderkind* autobiographies. If people do not buy good novels, that has nothing to do with the novel's being dead. If college

audiences like movies and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., more than they like, say, *A Hundred Years of Solitude* and *Pale Fire*, that is to their disadvantage, though it may entail some economic doldrums for writers other than those two masters, the Colombian and the Russian-American; and these newcomers will be lucky to get a quarter-page in the catalogue of a publisher with determination enough still to be committed to the publication of "quality fiction."

The novel lives. No metaphor is adequate to convey either its predicaments, its vitality, or its shape in the future. If the narrative epic fell to the wayside, that is because it was cumbersome to begin with. (It did not

have that many masterful advocates in any case.) The novel is not. It is endlessly adaptable, conniving, transcendent. It is still written, for the most part, in "silence, exile and cunning." In an imperfect world, it is the literary art form best suited to mine what little vein of gold resides in the cavities of man's heart and mind; it best shows how "honor is flashed off exploit"; most importantly, it tests the creative force to full measure. Novel-writing is a groaning board, a wrestling match, and it makes no difference who is watching, adding up points, turning off the lights. Is the novel dead? It is the question of tired men, spiritless, commercial, vainglorious, and ignorant.

BASEBALL AS MYTH

MARK TAYLOR

An attempt to rescue from neglect a very good American novel

Stendhal's remark that a good book needs eighty years to reach the general public does not dispel my concern over the seeming neglect of one very good American novel, Robert Coover's *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.* Favorably reviewed when it appeared in 1968, *The Universal Baseball Association* remains in print as an inexpensive paperback, but you will probably not find it on the shelves of your local book store. I recently called a dozen shops in New York City (Brentano's, Marboro, Bookmasters, etc.) to find that none had a single copy. Neither has it taken its rightful place on the syllabus of university courses in the best contemporary American literature, among the works of Barth, Barthelme, Heller, Pynchon, Vonnegut. My worries may be premature, but perhaps I can justify them by indicating something of what I find so remarkable about this novel.

Henry Waugh is an unmarried, slightly alcoholic accountant, whose spare time is spent with the Universal Baseball Association, an elaborate dice game of his own invention. There are eight teams in the Association, named after professional teams from the Reconstruction period, each of which plays an 84-game schedule. A full season takes Waugh at least two months, and since it is year LVI when the book begins, he has been at his hobby for nine or ten years. During this time 40 volumes of meticulously kept individual and team records have accumulated, for it is in baseball's exhaustive records system that accountant Waugh found the initial appeal

of the sport. In addition to their batting, fielding and pitching records, the players have not only names but biographies and distinctive personalities, collectively representing (like the sailors on the *Pequod*) a respectable microcosm of society. For the years he has been at his game, Waugh has had no trouble separating vocation from avocation, though all along there has been a certain commerce in both directions between the Association and real life: Waugh sometimes names his players after real people, and he often pretends that those about him, the neighborhood bartender for instance, are active or retired ballplayers.

That is the history of Waugh's pastime. From it the narrative progresses as follows: promising rookie Damon Rutherford pitches the first perfect game in Association history. Waugh celebrates by getting drunk and bringing local hooker Hetty Irden home for the night. Anxious to see Damon perform again, Henry contrives to have him pitch the following night (after but one day of rest), only to see him killed by a wild pitch or, more likely, bean ball thrown by rival rookie Jock Casey. Again Henry gets drunk, but this time his spree is presented as the players' wake after Damon's funeral. With Damon dead, Henry's enthusiasm for the game sags to the point that he considers abandoning it; instead, he invites his one friend, fellow-accountant Lou Engel, to play it with him, the first outsider ever so honored. The evening is a disaster: Lou cannot take seriously any of the rituals that have evolved about the dice game; he gets drunk and spills his beer over the precious records. When Lou leaves, Henry manipulates the dice so that Jock Casey is hit by a line drive and killed. The season ends and

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Henry, professionally derelict because of his mounting obsession with the game, loses his job. In the final chapter Henry is not present; his story about the Association has superseded Coover's story about him. It is the year CLVII; the Association rookies have gathered to stage the Parable of the Duel, an annual reenactment of the central event of Association history, the death of Damon Rutherford and Jock Casey, conveniently merged into a single incident.

To fill in any part of this outline is to indicate something about what Coover is doing and how. To justify pitching Damon only two days after his perfect game, for instance, Henry remembers that Brock Rutherford, Damon's father and a great Association star in his own day, will have his fifty-sixth birthday then. How fitting to celebrate Brock Rutherford Day at the park, and to have Brock's own son pitch. Not only is Brock 56, however, Henry himself is 56 and the Association is in its fifty-sixth season. Henry and his creation are thus co-extensive, though the length of the year by which each is measured differs, as the measure of eternity differs from that of human time. Because of their identical ages, we identify Brock and Henry: Henry becomes the father of Damon, his biological as well as his imaginative progenitor.

But Henry is not only Damon's father, he is Damon himself: "How," he had asked Hetty after the perfect game, "would you like to sleep with . . . Damon Rutherford?" The father is himself and his own son; the two are twin aspects of one being. J. Henry Waugh's name and the fact of his creation suggest Jahweh; Damon becomes the Son of God, Jesus Christ. (In another sense, the similarity of the names Henry and Hetty suggests the division of Adam and his rib into the first parents.) Damon's life and death are redemptive: he had let "light and health" into a dying Association; they order and make meaningful human events: "Damon was not only creating the future, he was doing something to the past, too." Later, after his death, we read that "The perfect game had already sunk away into a kind of unbelievable golden age, long lost, forever inaccessible," and yet unforgotten.

The Reader

And where is the reader during all this? He is not reading a novel by Henry Waugh about a baseball game, he is reading a novel by Robert Coover about an accountant. I suppose there is a sense in which the accountant serves as well as anyone else for the quintessential modern man; the book's readers, too, become accountants. The baseball game is at one remove from the normal fictional situation; it is, like "The Murder of Gonzago" in *Hamlet*, the fiction of a character in a fiction. And yet it becomes real for him, and since we sit where Henry does, so to speak, it becomes equally

real for us. If the reader is Man, Damon, as the Son of God, is the Son of Man.

Northrup Frye applies the term "displacement" to the "techniques a writer uses to make his story credible, logically motivated or morally acceptable—lifelike, in short." Coover displaces us from our normal lives, categories and beliefs by the simple act of repudiating all responsibility for the Association; it is a device akin to the narrator Geoffrey's embarrassment at the behavior of the characters Chaucer has created for the *Canterbury Tales*. Henry is Coover's, but the Association is Henry's. If we see ourselves in Henry, and we must, so be it. Explaining our agitation in the face of Hamlet's play-within-the-play, or of Don Quixote's reading, in Part II of Cervantes' novel, of his own exploits in Part I of the novel, or implicitly of his own fiction, Jorge Luis Borges writes: "Those inversions suggest that if the characters in a story can be readers or spectators, then we, their readers or spectators, can be fictitious." We become no more real than Henry Waugh, and like him, we become less real than the Association of his invention.

There is much more going on in the novel. Henry is the active, imaginative and creative personality. His friend Lou, whose delights in life are the movies and eating, is passive, dull and gluttonous. Henry energizes the world; Lou is energized by it. But there is another level to their polarization. J. Henry Waugh is Jahweh; Lou Engel suggests Lu (cifer fallen, rebellious) Angel. Lou enters Henry's apartment bearing a hot pizza (topped with a St. Andrew's cross of pepperonis). They eat the pizza and play the game. Lou relates a tedious story of a movie he had seen that afternoon about a colony of bees planning to take over the world, gets drunk and spills his beer over the recorded history of the Association. We have here, among much else, grotesque parodies, comic and serious at once, of the flood and the table in the wilderness, together with a glimpse into Hell and a reminder of Milton's famous image of Satan's infernal crew as bees at the end of Book I of *Paradise Lost*. (There is, incidentally, a more conspicuous parallel to the epic hero's descent into Hell, from which Lou is absent, at the end of Chapter 3 when Henry returns home from the drunken wake for Damon, itself a kind of inverted last supper.) Lou leaves as Henry's Pioneers, for whom Damon had played, threaten to overtake his leading Knickerbockers, with the malevolent Jock Casey on the mound. Damon and Jock, Good and Evil, Jahweh and Lucifer, Abel and Cain, are mythic projections of, respectively, Henry and Lou; they are unreal and yet they are more real than their living counterparts.

Myth, man's need for it and his creation of it from the inadequate facts of his existence, is what the book is about. Myth explains everything, but myth derives from, and is dependent on, that which it seeks to explain. Like Joyce's *Ulysses*, but on a much smaller scale, *The Universal Baseball Association* mythologizes the trivial;

unlike *Ulysses* (except perhaps, in the "Circe" episode), it demythologizes the sacred by exploring its profane source. Coover posits the divine cosmos as man's creation, made in the image of his own world. "It is here not at all requisite to prove that such an *intellectus archetypus* is possible," Coover takes his epigraph from Kant's *Critique of Judgment*, "but only that we are led to the idea of it." Man plays, and his play, what he chooses to do, becomes more serious and significant than his work, what he must do. This suggests rightly that the best commentary likely to be written on *The Universal Baseball Association* is, however anachronistically, Johan Huizinga's brilliant *Homo Ludens*. (Henry himself sees both history and war as forms of play.)

Henry is absent from the last chapter of Coover's book; the Association goes on without authorial direction. When the myth is complete, it subsumes its creator. The reader's attentive presence alone is by this time enough to sustain belief in the myth. Conversely, now that Henry's creation is complete, Coover is willing to step in and take credit for it since he sees his own creation, Henry and the world of Dunkleemann, Zauber & Zifferblatt, Licensed Tax & General Accountants, dwarfed by it.

Despite what I have said about the Damon-Christ parallels, *The Universal Baseball Association* does not present an exact or exclusive model for Christian myth. Its relation to Christianity is merely allusive, not systematic; we think of Christianity often, but we do not have a precise allegory for its growth and development. Lou's table in the wilderness follows Damon's death and precedes the symbolic flood; I even suspect that a case could be made for some emblematic value in Jock Casey's initials, notwithstanding his more apparent function as divine nemesis. The anthropologist or student of comparative mythology could detect many parallels of other sorts; the Parable of the Duel in the final chapter, for instance, obviously refers as much to primitive initiation rites as to Christian sacraments. This chapter is a grand potpourri of superstitions, schisms, apologetics, hermeneutics, tentative doubts and final affirmations, Christian and otherwise. Coover's focus is on the points of intersection of all religions, all myths. Some rookies think the view of Damon as Good and Jock as Evil is too "simplistic and pious" for the modern world. Others think the two figures never existed. Still others think Jock the great archetypal hero of human history and devoutly study his corpus of writings, though these may be the merely apocryphal writings of a sort of pseudo-Casey, Jock the Areopagite.

Having said this much about *The Universal Baseball Association*, I see how much I have not indicated at all. It includes a political theme, for one thing, which dramatizes the power coups and self-aggrandizement of those shamen, churchmen and secular leaders who profit from the beliefs of others. It is an extraordinarily funny book,

for another. The Ballad of Long Lew and Fanny, sung at the wake, and the circumstances of poor Lew's death are as marvelous set pieces as anything in *Catch-22*. It is also a vastly and deceptively learned book—deceptively, because all its erudition is subordinated to the unique idiom of American baseball. (Baseball's recurrent "three's" and "nine's" become a mystical exercise in Pythagorean numerology.) It is a field full of food for hungry academic exegetes (e.g., Coover also parodies that famous line from *Piers Plowman*), and they should be thankful for it.

I do not mean that *The Universal Baseball Association* should be only or primarily the property of academics. The issues that are its substance, man's need for his created myths, his imaginative transcendence over the banal facts of existence, have been since the work of Sir James Frazer among the central intellectual investigations of our era. Anyone who thinks about these things, and we all should, can learn a great deal from this book, learning of a sort that we rarely get from fiction. But most of all it is very simply a book for people who read novels and do not want to miss the few good ones that come along.



SR. M. PAULINUS SULLIVAN, I.H.M.

LAUDATE IN LINDISFARNE

(For St. Cuthbert)

Standing in the rime-wave up to his breast,
Cuthbert of Melrose calls on the rest
Of God's creatures there in the night
To praise Him with forthright
Billows of song.

Better than ever David might,
This English monk,
Brother to wind and frost and night,
To ice and snow, as Francis to the sun,
Spearheads the run of antiphon.

Hail and hoarfrost praising the Lord,
(Cold an undiminishing chord)
Chant of the wind, crag in its mouth,
And the voice of the sea, wave against rock,
Crashing response. Then cock-

Crow—and Cuthbert walking the sand
With two small seals snug at his feet,
For the God of the psalms is a kingly king,
And quick in kindness to those who sing
His praise athwart the windy dark
Of Northumbrian night and the stark
Rime-cold of the sea.

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Oxford, \$6.

SALLIE TeSELLE

One subtle indication of where things are these days in the religion and literature field is the deference implied in the titles of these two books. The one that is edited by a professor in the Chicago Divinity School program of theology and literature is entitled *Literature and Religion*; the one that is authored by the Merton Professor of English Literature at Oxford University is entitled *Religion and Literature*. If there was, back in the late fifties and early sixties, presumption on the part of theologians working in literary studies, it is gone; if there was, during the heyday of New Criticism, proprietariness on the part of critics, it is also gone. But these two volumes signify other developments as well—not only the urbanity and sophistication that is everywhere evident in this field of study, now come of age, but more important, an openness to the immense possibilities of mutual enrichment.

To be specific, Gunn's edited volume has no "bias" in selection other than that of excellence, and it is, in my estimation, the most excellent selection of really crucial essays that has yet appeared. And the deference is again evident; of the thirteen essays, nine are by literary critics or philosophers, the other four by theologians. The list includes some of the seminal essays in contemporary Western letters by such authors as Walter Ong, R. W. B. Lewis, Erich Auerbach, Louis Martz, Richard Blackmur, Erich Heller, J. Hillis Miller,

and Paul Ricoeur. It is a valuable collection, not only for the burgeoning religion and literature courses in universities, but for anyone who really wants to understand the basic sources in this field of study. But that's putting it too neatly, because what a careful reading of this collection will do is *not* to provide ready understanding; rather it will stimulate, tantalize, and evoke.

Gunn's wide-ranging introduction, surveying in thirty pages the history of literary theory and contemporary options of relating religion and literature (not to mention his own highly attractive option), sets the stage for his heady offerings: R. W. B. Lewis insisting that literary studies be allowed to hold onto their "huckleberries"; Walter Ong suggesting that the poet summons us to belief in his presence through the "mask" of the poem, not to belief *that* something is true; Erich Auerbach doing again his magnificent interpretation of the Western sense of reality as focused, in imitation of the life of Jesus, on the painful historical decisions of the individual; Erich Heller, like Auerbach, providing the grand vision of the subtle connections between poetry and religion, this time the demise of the Western symbolic universe and, with it, the death rattles of poetry; Paul Ricoeur forging again for us the links between symbols and philosophy, between the stuff with which belief works and the interpretation of those symbols towards a more critical belief. These essays are some of the classics of our "field." They are heady stuff, pointing to the sense of reality implicit in our creative literature, which is, in the broadest sense, what the field of religion and literature is all about.

Helen Gardner is up to the same thing when she deals with tragedy and religious poetry, her two subjects in *Religion and Literature*. Among the many insights of this very rich book is her suggestion that the concern of

Shakespearean tragedy with guilt and judgment is a distinctively Christian one that she, like Erich Auerbach, believes created an image of man as responsible for his historical decisions and *yet* as one in the hands of a God who created a world in which unjust suffering and evil are rampant. The explicit tension in this religious consciousness—when the responsibility of man and the responsibility of God could be kept in equilibrium—made for a brief period when tragedy could be written. Our time, however, is one of muddle, not mystery; our time has more in common with that of late antiquity—demon-ridden, replete with esoteric cults and magic, waiting not to be forgiven but to be healed, and in such a time tragedy is not possible. This grand interpretation of Western letters is drawn by Gardner, as by Auerbach and Heller, with a fine pen, for what I have so grossly paraphrased here is, in her book, a tight weave of textual criticism.

So also her comments on religious poetry. I will force myself to pick out but one thing, but I won't apologize for doing so, for one of the points I want to make in reviewing these books is that they really are sources for those of us who work in the field and each is going to pick different flowers to make his or her own bouquet. And I'll put it in a larger context: in several of the Gunn selections I discovered flowers that look good in my particular bouquet and they look somewhat similar to the one I've chosen from Gardner. It is this: what, she asks, can religious poetry be today? It appears to be a minor genre, evidenced in the mediocre and little-known poems that find their way into collections of contemporary religious verse. The "direct" approach available to Donne, Crashaw, Herbert, and Hopkins is no longer ours, but, Gardner says, an indirect method is still possible in our age, "concentrating,

as C. S. Lewis said, on the incarnation, and leaving to be implied what it is that is incarnate, employing parable, or choosing as ostensible subject aspects of experience that are susceptible of a non-religious as well as a religious interpretation."

The indirect method of religious expression is hardly news (all the great religions of the world have found stories, parables, and metaphors indispensable), but in ages when sensibilities were not as dissociated as they are in ours, it was often overlooked. Gunn's volume stresses again and again that it cannot be overlooked and that, in fact, one essential link between creative literature and religion is precisely the indirection of both in expressing the inexpressible. Gunn himself, in his introduction, suggests what he calls the "hypothetical" view of literature, by which he means that the world created in a literary work is a possible, not an actual one. "The tendency of all great literature . . . is to take the known, the empirically given in experience, and . . . 'push it into the dimension of the unknown', into the dimension of the merely potential." Walter Ong comes at the same point from another angle: "voice" as the summons to communication in literature is projected, not directly, but indirectly through the "mask" of the poem or drama, and the greater the externalization, the greater the communication. J. Hillis Miller's "poets of reality" operate in a milieu devoid of transcendence, devoid even of the bifurcated vision of the romantics in which the supernatural could be reached through its "power deeply interfused in nature"; the sense of reality in these poets is now an indirect one, for "if there is to be a God in the new world it must be a presence within things and not beyond them." Stanley Romaine Hopper devotes his entire essay to an exposition of Norman O. Brown's aphorism, "Everything is only a metaphor; there is only poetry." Following Heidegger, he holds that the nature of reality is intrinsically hidden and the poetic way, the way of metaphor, is the model for the disclosure of the undisclosed.

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12 May 1972: 241

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What comes through here is, to my mind, some lovely flowers for a bouquet. It just might be that emerging out of the study of religion and literature is the insight that poetry's method of indirection, its reliance in one form or another on metaphor, can provide much-needed assistance to faltering religious and theological language, for one of the things that theologians have come to realize with increasing agony is the meaninglessness and perhaps inappropriateness of direct "God-talk." That it is meaningless to many people today is evident; that it is inappropriate may perhaps be suggested by reference to that highly authentic stratum of Jesus' own language—the parables. What we have often seen in the field of religion and literature in the past is theologians offering their insights and categories for the interpretation of literature; what we now see emerging is perhaps even more exciting and important—the discovery of intimate similarities between poetic and religious language at the point of metaphor and the possibilities offered by poetic metaphor for the illumination of religious language and theological reflection.

Eliot and His Age

RUSSELL KIRK

Random House, \$12.50

T. S. Eliot's Intellectual Development 1922-1939

JOHN D. MARGOLIS

U. of Chicago Press, \$9.50

DENIS DONOGHUE

T. S. Eliot was born in St. Louis, Missouri on September 26, 1888; he died in London on January 4, 1965. Mr. Kirk has written a big book on the assumption that the twentieth century is the Age of Eliot, though I cannot see how such an assumption can be enforced. From other points of view, our century may just as well be called the Age of Freud, Yeats, Lawrence, Mann, or Joyce. Besides, we have not yet heard all the evidence. A *Complete*

Works of Eliot is mooted, but not decided. The poet's widow is reported at work on the *Letters*. An authorized biography will presumably emerge some day, but not for many a long year. So it is premature to go beyond the point of saying that Eliot was a major poet, a major critic, and a minor dramatist. Mr. Kirk is in a hurry to say that the century carries Eliot's name. "This book, then, has to do with Eliot the champion of the moral imagination and with Eliot the critic of the civil social order"; later, Mr. Kirk speaks of Eliot as "the real champion of conservative causes."

Everyone knows that Mr. Kirk is devoted to conservative causes. The first edition of his celebrated book *The Conservative Mind* was a study of that mind's activity from Burke to Santayana. In the revised edition, Eliot replaced Santayana as the culminating figure. I have no objection to the thesis that in the politics of literature Eliot is a great conservative, but I think it unwise to tie a poet to a political chariot. A great poet is more than a great conservative, and the qualities which make his poetry great are those which make a political label, of whatever color, inadequate and misleading. Mr. Kirk tells us that "to explain what Eliot was saying, rather than to praise the manner in which he said it, is a principal purpose of this book." Such a distinction between matter and manner is common in political disputes, and it may be useful for ordinary purposes; but it is not admitted in serious literary criticism. There is an impression in Mr. Kirk's book that he is reading poems in the manner of a politician, a busy man with a column to write or a meeting to address. He says whatever comes first and foremost to his mind, he has no time to wait for the second thoughts which come with the irregular force of qualification and contradiction.

Let me give a few examples, occasions on which Mr. Kirk's work is premature. He gives a rough account of the first Mrs. Eliot, formerly Vivienne Haigh Haigh-Wood, as "a pretty chatterbox." He may be right, I have not seen enough evidence to confirm or

deny the description, but the lady in question chattered well enough to be published in *The Criterion* and to suggest a powerful line in *The Waste Land*. Mr. Kirk says, in a passage on T. E. Hulme, that "Eliot knew nothing of Hulme until Herbert Read brought out (in 1924) the dead man's *Speculations*." Not true: since 1919, Eliot had been proclaiming the significance of Hulme. "The intersection of time and the temporal: this understanding was to run through the whole of Eliot's work." What can Mr. Kirk mean? Could it be a printer's error? Or merely haste, like Mr. Kirk's division of *The Waste Land* into four rather than five parts? Or his ascription of the phrase, "Surprised by joy," to C. S. Lewis rather than to Wordsworth? Mr. Kirk remarks of *The Elder Statesman* that "Eliot's humor is successful in this play, and at the end he achieves catharsis." I wonder if that is precisely what he means. Or was his mind so tired at that moment that it could not do anything more or better?

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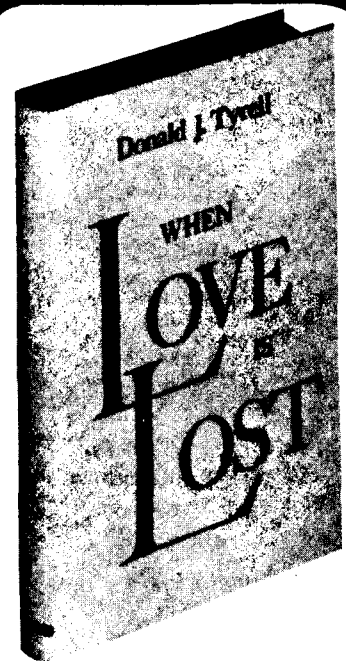
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But there is a more fundamental problem. Mr. Kirk writes as though everything could be explained, and more specifically as though Eliot's poetry could be explained by his politics. On the politics, Mr. Kirk is often illuminating. He is right, for instance, to emphasize the influence of Christopher Dawson on Eliot in that respect. But he distorts the poems by dissolving them in their merely political and historical contexts. He gives a rudimentary account of *The Waste Land*, approaching it as if it were a narrative poem like any other. He does not tackle the poem in its immediate, local detail, or in its presumptive design: instead, he cuts it down to size by discounting the precise way in which the language acts. Readers are encouraged to think that every problem in Eliot's work falls comfortably into place when the poet's "moral imagination" is seen as the conservative mind. Mr. Kirk has not obeyed Eliot's admonition, that when you read poetry, it is as poetry you must read it, and not as something else.

Mr. Margolis' book is a study of Eliot's "intellectual development" during the years of *The Criterion*, 1922 to 1939. He, too, evades the poems by treating them as means toward a different end; he values them for the light they cast upon Eliot's attitudes to the great topical questions, Culture, Tradition, Classicism, Romanticism, Christianity and Politics, Fascism, Communism. The major figures, so far as Eliot is concerned, are Irving Babbitt, Benda, Hulme, Maurras, Middleton Murry, Wyndham Lewis, and Paul Elmer More. The major issue, more fundamental than any of its local forms, is the question of Authority and the individual Will. Mr. Margolis' procedure is to take *The Criterion* as representing Eliot's sense of his time, the dominant questions and Eliot's relation to them and then to range beyond the magazine into the other prose writings which appeared during those years.

The survey is helpful, informative, accurate, written with the sobriety appropriate to its occasion. The book cannot be described as startling or incandescent, its virtues are those of use



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rather than adornment; but it is a genuine account of its material. The only trouble is that Eliot during those years might hardly have been a poet at all, so far as Mr. Margolis' thesis is concerned. Yet the chosen years began with *The Waste Land* and included *Ash-Wednesday* and the first of the great *Quartets*, 'Burnt Norton.' Mr. Margolis is not as assertive as Mr. Kirk, but he acts upon a similar assumption, that the content of a poet's "intellectual development" is nothing more or less than the public issues of the day, the burning questions, time's small change rattling around in the public mind. Many of the details in Mr. Margolis' book are interesting, so far as they go, but they are so presented as to imply that they occupy and exhaust all the relevant ground at any chosen moment. Mr. Margolis does not allow for the secret places, the dark corners occupied by an imagination not conservative but subversive. Eliot's mere arguments have already dropped into the mud of their time; what remains is

his poetry. I wonder if Mr. Margolis would consider the possibility that the arguments, the battles and causes, were mere grist to Eliot's mill. He cared about such matters, and the local form of his care is visible in *The Criterion* and other prose, but the permanent form of that care is the poems. The essays in polemic are the deliberate disguises of an imagination most profoundly engaged elsewhere.

Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel

NORMAN FRUMAN

George Braziller, \$12.50

J. A. APLEYARD

Scholarly fashions mirror our cultural preoccupations. The current debunking of the eminent dead seems to be a need that TV has created for us. Freud made us aware of the hidden shoals beneath surface data, but it is the in-scrutability of television's image of pub-

lic events that has heightened this awareness into collective paranoia and convinced us that there is a gap somewhere between what we see or are being told and what really is the case. This study of Coleridge belongs to the genre of investigative reporting; Fruman is a kind of Ralph Nader of the Coleridge industry.

Coleridge was dead only a few months in 1834 when De Quincey published the first charge that the great Romantic poet and literary critic had plagiarized from others' verses. The charges quickly extended to his philosophical ideas, and no one who has written on Coleridge since has been able to avoid the question of his "borrowings." It is an old quarrel. What Fruman has done is to go over the whole ground in exhausting detail and to pile up so much new evidence that the indictment of deliberate plagiarizing by Coleridge is unassailable, and then to reassess the reputation and standing of Coleridge plain.

It is a formidable piece of work, and one senses some of the satisfactions involved. It was a good chance to show up a gaggle of critics all at once. Fruman is perfectly right in saying that Coleridge scholars have for the most part been reluctant to pay any serious attention to the proven plagiarisms, though they have been ingenious in devising excuses and explanations for his behavior. Fairness requires one to add that much of the material Fruman uses was not available to earlier students, and that without the recent work of Coburn on the notebooks and Griggs on the letters the full extent of Coleridge's plagiarisms would be impossible to detect. Still, no one after this will be able to ignore Fruman's bill of particulars.

But what does it add up to? The trouble with investigative reporting is that it is not neutral; it assumes that there is something that needs investigating. The real faults and blemishes that are uncovered may by themselves be no more accurate a picture than the virtues noted by admirers. Instead of taking Coleridge warts and all, Fruman in effect gives us a minute examination

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of only the warts, suggests that the warts are pretty much all there is of genuine interest, and moreover darkly conjectures as to what moral or characterological defects produced the warts in the first place. The result is a one-sided view of Coleridge, reductionist in the extreme.

The plagiarism charge is a tricky one. Fruman shows us in how many instances Coleridge translated and paraphrased the lines of other poets, borrowed their images, and passed them off as his own. But these instances are found almost exclusively in minor works, poems which all but the most devoted Coleridgean would find it hard to be enthusiastic about. When it comes to "The Ancient Mariner" or "Kubla Khan" Fruman's task is more difficult, and his conclusions are less convincing. It has long been clear from Coleridge's notebooks that he collected ideas and images from his voluminous reading. Lowes' *Road to Xanadu* traced the pieces of the mosaic in astonishing detail. Fruman quarrels with the notion

that Coleridge's great poems were dream-visions or the product of opium reveries, and argues at great length for the conscious art they involve. But who among modern Coleridge scholars would disagree with him on this point, and why should we have to make an either/or choice between deliberate art and the spontaneous shaping power of the imagination?

Since he cannot readily demonstrate that Coleridge plagiarized the lines of his best poems, Fruman constructs an argument against their originality out of exceedingly fine points. Thus, if Wordsworth forty-six years afterward can remember contributing some details of plot and "two or three lines" to "The Ancient Mariner," but somewhat earlier had remembered "four or five lines more in different parts of the poem," what would the *true* extent of his contributions be if we possessed an accurate account by him closer in time to the actual composition of the work? So keen is Fruman to indict that he sometimes indulges in semantic overkill: in discussing "The Ancient Mariner" he speaks of Coleridge "imitating" the ballad stanza, which suggests that this choice of an older verse form is yet one more instance of plagiarizing.

We have long known that whole pages of the *Biographia Literaria* were taken without acknowledgement from Schelling and others, yet paradoxically it is here where plagiarism is clearest that Fruman is least successful in making use of the data he has painstakingly assembled. His adversary style prevents him from any sympathetic grasp of the conceptual system Coleridge was trying to work out in the years preceding the writing of the *Biographia* (a

PARADOX OF WILL



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● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● REVIEWERS

SALLIE TESELLE is an assistant professor of theology at Vanderbilt Divinity School in Nashville and the editor of *Soundings*.

DENIS DONOGHUE is professor of modern English and American literature at University College, Dublin. His book, *William Butler Yeats* (Viking), was recently reviewed in these pages.

FATHER J. A. APPELYARD, S.J., the author of *Coleridge's Philosophy of Literature* (Harvard), teaches at Boston College.

12 May 1972: 245

theory of the creative imagination that would satisfy both his perceptions about the shift in poetic sensibility that Wordsworth's and his own poems exemplified and his belief in a personal, transcendent God). Without this sense of what Coleridge was trying to do, Fruman does not see that he consistently used Schelling for his own purposes, above all that he ultimately had to break off because he discovered that Schelling's thought led to a pantheism that he could not accept. Schelling himself acquitted Coleridge of the charge of plagiarizing from him, a point Fruman fails to mention.

With Coleridge's critical writings as with his poetry, the simple facts of unacknowledged borrowing do not give the whole story. It matters greatly what he did with what he took. At the end of his book Fruman attempts to explain Coleridge's plagiarisms and even the themes of his major poems in terms of unhappy childhood, oedipal trauma and sexual impotence—not totally implausible theories so much as matter

for another book oddly linked with the one Fruman has already written. The psychopathology of plagiarizing is no substitute for an attempt to understand what Coleridge was trying to create in his poetry and in his philosophical and theological speculations. But this would have required a different intention from the one Fruman set out with.

Lamb (from whom comes the phrase about Coleridge in his old age: "an Archangel a little damaged") said that so long as he had known him Coleridge was in the habit of "quizzing the world by lyes." Your attitude towards the plausibility of such a viewpoint is a good test of your attitude towards Coleridge and, conversely, towards Fruman's book. In 1840 John Stuart Mill described Bentham and Coleridge as the two great seminal minds of England in their age. The difference, he said, was that Bentham would ask of any opinion "Is it true?" whereas Coleridge would ask "What is the meaning of it?" Bentham judged received ideas as a stranger to them and dismissed what he could

not verify on utilitarian grounds as "vague generalities." It never occurred to Bentham, said Mill (himself a Benthamite by upbringing), that in these generalities lay "the whole unanalyzed experience of the human race." Coleridge, on the other hand, tried to look at ideas from within, as a sympathetic believer in them, to see where they would lead him.

McLuhan has made the notion of idea as "probe" familiar to us. Kenneth Koch got the grade-school children of P.S. 61 to write astonishing poetry by asking them to wish, to lie, and to dream. The philosophers of Borges' imaginary realm of Tlön (in *Ficciones*) do not look for truth but for a kind of amazement. "They consider metaphysics a branch of fantastic literature. They know that a system is nothing more than the subordination of all the aspects of the universe to some one of them." That is the trouble with Bentham's philosophy and Fruman's book and our own paranoia about credibility gaps: the reductionist critique is usually inaccurate, but even worse it is unproductive, unhelpful. It assigns blame and discredit and shows us what we cannot believe, but it gives us no ideas and images we can use to put together our experience. Which do we need more?

A Question of Priorities

WHAT IS NEEDED is to reanimate the entire concept of foreign aid with genuine idealism, to eliminate the spies, the counter-guerrillas, the Ugly Americans, and all the rest, to channel our help through international bodies, to avoid new Vietnams. Above all, we need to examine and reorder our priorities in this country and overseas, to recapture our sense of national proportion. Since the end of World War II this nation has spent \$1,250,000,000,000 on military defense—a staggering, almost inconceivable amount. Living as most of us do in cities that are decaying and in a world plagued by hunger, the question is inevitable: how much of this sum would it have taken to make a real dent in the squalor that surrounds us, at home and abroad—to make domestic and foreign aid a reality instead of a bad joke?

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CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 229)

the program, the Convention committee members were most accommodating once we arrived. They arranged rooms for two meetings we called, and found space for us at the hotel when we found ourselves snowed in. Finally, many Rabbis were quite sympathetic to our demands, and the newly-elected president of the Assembly pledged to bring these issues to the attention of the appropriate committees during the coming year.

Although the substantive areas mentioned in your article remain unresolved, we were encouraged, by the response at the Convention, in our belief that some Rabbis, at least, take these issues

seriously, and are committed to change within the framework of traditional Judaism.

MARTHA ACKELSBURG
for Ezrat Nashim

S-Rated Movies

Columbia, Md.

To the Editors: The ousting of *Our Sunday Visitor* movie critic John Fitzgerald is one more sign of doom for the religious press, and yet another indication of the ascendancy of Savan-

arola [News & Views, Mar. 31].

Ruminating gloomily on this among other once important and now irrelevant matters, I had my spirits restored by the sophistication of a 13-year-old adolescent who had seen the R-rated *Godfather*.

"A movie is GP when you see the man sitting on the bed putting on his socks after he has made love," she observed. "R is when you see the lovers together."

"How about X?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen one yet."

Savanarola isn't dead, but he is dying and sadly doesn't know it.

I guess people have given up trying to tell him, because he won't listen anyway. He's happier seaming some kind of straightjacket for the mind in the twilight of his life.

Pity. Who's left for him to fit it on?

GERALD A. RENNER

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● SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA. Summer Institute, 19 June-14 July, 1972. Designed for Christians, religious and lay, who anticipate working in Africa. Details from Dr. Peter Walshe, African Studies, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

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